

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1885.

NO. 77.

## To All Whom It May Concern.

On account of the dissolution of our present firm, to take effect January 1st, 1886, we have and are

## COMPELLED TO REDUCE OUR LARGE STOCK

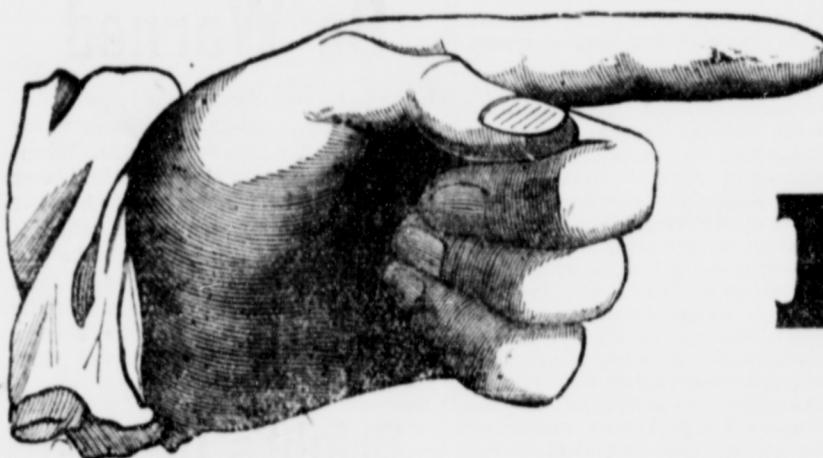
And realize all the Cash we can. In order to make quick work of this matter, as the time is short, we will offer every article in our store

**AT AND BELOW COST FROM THIS DAY TO DEC. 31, INCLUSIVE.**

We intend to work a few weeks for the glory and our loss will be your gain. Never, never were such Bargains in

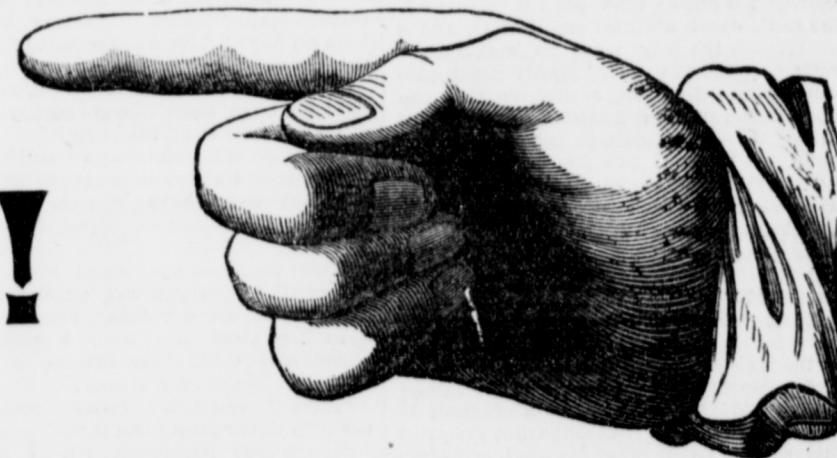
**CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,  
LADIES' & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS**

Offered before. It is a forced sale for a few weeks, where the word profit is left entirely out. To quote prices for every article in our stock would take more room than we have on our paper, but here are a few to give you an idea what we mean when we say at and below cost:



**CUTS BY**

**Klass & Levi!**



Good Calico .....	2½c per yard	Large Bed Spreads.....	.75c each	Men's Rubber Overshoes.....	.50c a pair
Best Indigo Blue Calico .....	6½c per yard	All-Wool Flannel.....	.16c per yard	Best Cotton Batting.....	7½c a pound
Good Bleached Cotton .....	6½c per yard	Men's Undershirts.....	.25c each	All-wool Ladies' Hose.....	.25c a pair
Fruit of the Loom Cotton .....	7½c per yard	Men's Canton Flannel Drawers .....	.25c a pair	Men's Nice Suits.....	\$5
Great Western Cotton.....	6½c per yard	Good Jeans .....	.16c per yard	Men's Jeans Suits.....	\$3 15
Good Brown Cotton.....	5½c per yard	Ladies' Nice Vests.....	.40c each	Men's Nice Suits.....	\$6
Best Plaid Cotton.....	7½c per yard	Ladies' Custom made Button Shoes .....	\$.2 to \$.3 50	All wool Suits.....	\$.8 to \$20
Best Ginghams.....	7½c per yard	Boots, calf skin.....	\$.2	All-wool Pants.....	\$2 50
Best Dress Ginghams.....	.9c per yard	Ladies' Calf Button Shoes .....	\$.1 50	Boys' Nice Suits.....	\$4
Good Bed Ticking .....	.8c per yard	Ladies' Button Shoes .....	\$.1 25	Boys' Nice Suits.....	\$5 25
Best 10-4 Sheetings.....	.20c per yard	Ladies' Front Lace Shoes .....	\$.1 25	Children's Nice Suits.....	\$1 75
Good Heavy Canton Flannel.....	7½c per yard	Men's Boots, whole stock.....	\$.1 75	Children's Nice Suits.....	\$2 10
Good Bed Comforts.....	.75c apiece	Ladies' Front Lace Calf Shoes .....	\$.1 35	Men's Nice Hats .....	\$.50c to \$.3 50
Good Corsets.....	.40c each	Ladies' Rubber Overshoes.....	.30c a pair	Men's Good Jeans Coats .....	\$1 50
				Good Jeans Pants.....	.85c
				Full line Ladies' Circulars and Newmarkets at very low prices.	

Ladies, don't spend a dollar for Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, &c., till you have seen our goods and heard our prices. Don't delay; remember this is no old trash we are offering, but

**FRESH, NEW, STYLISH GOODS.**

All bought this season.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

We will only sell at these prices at Retail and to no merchants, except for thier own use. This is done to give every one a fair chance at these bargains.

**COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.**

You can save on every purchase at least 25 per cent.

Stanford, Ky., Nov. 26, 1885.

**KLASS & LEVI.**

W. P. WALTON.

Catching Toothsome Birds on the Wing—  
In a Gunning Skiff—The "Pusher"—  
The Rail's Skillfulness in  
Strategy.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Both reedbirds and rail begin to arrive in the Delaware marshes about the middle of August. Lured by the vast area of feeding ground and the apparent quietude which hangs over their favorite haunts, they settle in flocks upon the tempting flats and commence to line their ribs with the delicately flavored plumpness which makes the epicure's diaphragm ting.

Thousands of gunners, restrained by the exacting game laws of Pennsylvania and the West Jersey Protective Association, wait impatiently for the day upon which they will be let loose upon the feathered visitors. Guns are cleaned, shells loaded, skiffs repaired and every preparation made for the coming sport. On Aug. 25, New Jersey releases the grip of her protecting hand and the battery opens. From Bordentown to the bay, the cannonading is terrific and the birds take their meals upon the "catch-as-catch-can" system. The first day of September opens the season along the Pennsylvania shore, and few of the rail and reedies live through the stage. Late in October a few flocks of able-bodied specimens and a line of straggling cripples make their escape from the fiery circle of death and wing southward. Every conceivable weapon is brought into service during the campaign.

OUT IN A SKIFF.

The old single-barrel muzzle-loader kills as surely as the latest Scott or Remington, and the secret of success lies more in the shooting than the gun. Not being gifted with wings to follow the birds, the gunner either tramps through the mud or pushes his way with a skiff. The recesses of the marsh are inaccessible to the skiff at low water, and, save an occasional bang from the shotgun of a tramping sportsman, there is peace among the reeds while the tide is out. The gunning skiff is double-bowed, almost as light as a racing shell and is propelled through the tall reeds by a pusher, who stands upon the rear stern, with his forward foot braced against a cleat. The pole is smooth and round, from fifteen to twenty feet long, very light and strong, with three blunt prongs upon one end and a half-round knob upon the other.

The pusher pokes the pronged end into the muddy bottom, leans his weight upon the pole, taking hand-over-hand grips as it grows shorter and the light skiff shoots ahead through the rustling reeds. The gunner sits or crouches in the bow, with his gun on full cock. The pusher faces straight ahead, and, if an expert in his business, never looks at his pole. When he sights game, he cries, "Mark right?" or "Mark left?" according to the side of the skiff it is on, or simply "Mark!" when it is in front. High water is the harvest time. The wary birds, driven from the river front, congregate upon the ridges and knolls back toward the main land and are difficult to reach, unless the "boil" is on.

GUNNER AND "PUSHER."

The rail never clings or perches, and only gets up out of the mud to fly. The "ready," however, spends his time clinging to the reeds or sitting upon low bushes and trees along the bank, and runs upon the ground. His plaintive "pink! pink!" is heard constantly during flight, but when feeding the note changes to a sweet, conversational "chick," not unlike that of the blackbird. The rail's vocal abilities are limited, and a low chuck is the only noise he makes as he trails through the mud. Experienced gunners, by imitating the reedbird's note, can bring flocks within gunshot. The art of calling them is difficult to acquire, but the sound, made with two fingers laid across the mouth, is so natural that it will often bring the birds back two or three times after being shot.

The gunning skiff accommodates but two men, and is very cranky. The pusher's position is a ticklish one at all times, and the least variation of posture or sudden movement of an inexperienced gunner will set the frail craft to rocking unseaworthy. To save the unskillful pusher occasionally suffers watery martyrdom, and "spills" himself to restore equilibrium. Anticipating frequent duel ages, he has arrayed his weather-beaten figure in garments that can not be ruined by such a trivial occurrence as a mud bath, and he clammers on board again dripping like a sponge.

Having visited the marsh to feed, the birds seem unwilling to leave it until they grow fat. The "ready," in his plumpest condition, is covered everywhere with soft, yellow fat, except a small bit of red meat upon the breast point. He picks perfectly clean, like a robin, and owes his popularity somewhat to the fact of his appetizing appearance before being cooked. It requires a professional picker, however, to do justice to the "rail," which is covered from neck to claws with a close fuzz or down, that is especially to the inexperienced feather plucker. The "rail" is the game bird of the two, and a gunner's count is always made upon the number of rail he bags.

THE CUNNING RAIL.

Sometimes, when surprised by the sudden appearance of a skiff, the cunning bird will disappear under water, and cling to the reeds with his feet until the danger has passed. Four or five boats may pass over him while in this position without discovering the trick. The point of his bill sticking out of the water supplies him with sufficient air to breathe. The sixth gunner may bag him if his courage and confidence give way and he comes to the surface to fly. A gunner on the river side of a marsh that is being heavily gunned, is often surprised to see "rail" starting up in clear water. They have been driven under by the boats in the reeds and paddle out unobserved to come to the surface and take wing suddenly. Though skilful in strategy, however, the rail, unfortunately for himself, possesses a great stock of curiosity. A gunner quietly drifting up a narrow run, sometimes whistles or knocks with a shell upon his boat. Curious to learn what the noise is, a rail will push out from the reeds to have a look. After the shot, another inquisitive specimen will often appear and suffer the fate of his predecessor before his curiosity has been satisfied.

Fins shot and light charges of powder do the work most satisfactorily. The usual load is three and a half drachms of powder and from a half ounce to an ounce of shot to each shell. The size of shot varies from 8 to 10, and the finer it is, the better. A hard hit "ready" is a mass of blood and feathers if coarse shot is fired. Fins shot goes through the bird without mangling.

A Beautiful Epitaph.

(Courier-Journal)

In a cemetery a little white stone marks the grave of a dear little girl. On the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.' I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard."

## LEEING DAVIE.

(Andrew Pickin in Inter Ocean.)  
Everyone knows that there are various degrees of excellence in lying, as there are in all the other polite arts. But there are some who, by their proclivity of talent in this department of genius, discover at once that nature has designed them for achieving the most brilliant honors of invention; and this was the case with the subject of our memoir, who, in the days of his obscurity, was known only by the simple but unanimously awarded title of "Leeing Davie."

Davie's parents lived in Storey street, in the well-affected town of Paisley. They were very creditable people and had a numerous family, none of whom, however, show any distinctive parts, save only Davie.

It answered Davie's purpose never to do the things that he was desired to do, and to do various other things that he was strictly enjoined not to do, but let the case be ever so bad, Davie was sure to get himself out of it by one or more good, well-told lies. It was his stepmother who suffered most in these cases. Sometimes, in her zeal for truth, she let out expressions of perfect horror at Davie, calling him an inveterate and notorious liar; but this only served to make matters worse for her. The tables would be completely turned against her by the lad's inveterate skill and the father's partiality, until the cry of "my motherless child" became the watchword which always ended in restoring Davie into favor and throwing all the wrath of the father against the hapless and simple-hearted mother.

Davie was actually awkward at the truth. When it was necessary to tell a few words of truth to make a lie tell the better he hesitated and stammered and blushed, so that you could not help suspecting him and the truth itself, but when he had got on to the main lie, for which he had gone through this painful preparation, he told it with such pleasure and with such a face that the whole showed that he was born to despise the inconvenient trammels of verity and to revel in the upper regions of pure invention.

One day Davie, who was now 15, was sent by his stepmother with a message to a friend at the farther end of the town. It was war time, and volunteering and recruiting presented too many temptations for Davie to resist, so he never thought of his message or of returning home till late that afternoon.

It drew toward evening, and still no appearance of Davie. Mr. Peterkin being in a particularly favorable humor to-night, all Davie's tricks and lies were laid before him by his wife, and the two joined in heartily abusing the luckless lad.

Now there was quartered in town a remarkably handsome officer, who created a great sensation among the women; and there was also in the town an uncommonly pretty woman, a Mrs. Templeton, who peculiarly favored this Capt. Palmer. Whenever, therefore, husband and wife were on such terms as to go out comfortably together, pleasant subject could not be started than the scandalous conduct of Mrs. Templeton and Capt. Palmer; and now to this very topic Mr. Peterkin and his wife had agreeably diverged.

When Davie was within a few paces of his father's door he applied to his wife, as formerly, to get him out of the scamps. But the greatest genuses will sometimes break down, and Davie found himself at fault. He had tried his fancy on all the subjects that were worthy of his powers. He had got into the room where his father and mother were sitting, without a single thought occurring to him to account for his day's employment. But as he slipped into the room the names of Capt. Palmer and Mrs. Templeton struck his ear, and he had the whole thing ready; and not only so, but his fancy being now awake, a train of ideas darted into his head, all the way from the seat of war, that would almost have filled a newspaper.

"Have you any witnesses, James?" inquired the provost.

"Yes, Baile, various" said he courageously; "for at this moment Deacon Dote entered the court, and, at Mr. Peterkin's request, he was ordered to stand forth."

"William Dote," continued the chief magistrate, "did you tell the defendant these scandalous particulars against the character of Mrs. Templeton?"

"How could you, sir, be guilty of spreading such a scandal?" said Baile Farrier next, who was by no means uninterested in the affair, for the good people of Paisley had uttered dark sayings regarding him and Baile Shuttleton's young wife.

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"William Dote," continued the chief magistrate, "did you tell the defendant these scandalous particulars against the character of Mrs. Templeton?"

"Indeed, sirs," exclaimed the deacon, indignantly, "I did no such thing. I could have had the heart to speak a word to dislodge that sweet Mrs. Templeton. Be- sides, Sir Provost, I have no stories to Mr. Peterkin this whole fortnight."

"But you told the story to my son Davie," said Peterkin, with great courage. "Come forward, Davie, lad."

Davie came forward modestly, gracefully, and with an air of honest confidence.

"Young man," said the provost, "hold up your head and never be ashamed to tell the truth. Did William Dote tell you last week these particulars reported of Mrs. Templeton?"

"No, your worship's honor, he did not."

"Did you not," interrupted his father, "tell me the story about Mrs. Templeton Tuesday evening last, you villain?"

"What crowd, you lying villain?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news?"

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir?"

"I have not, sir," said Davie, modestly; "I would have been home long since, but I could not get out of the crowd."

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42.00 PER ANNUM

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W. P. WALTON.

A Bible That Was Kissed to Pieces.

[Baltimore Herald.]  
Three Bibles and an odor of sanctity to the desk behind which "Squire" Wiener is wont to confront the quaking law-breakers who are brought for trial to the western station house. Two of the Bibles are small, just alike, and in a good state of preservation. The third is larger, and looks as if it only needed to be raised to fall to pieces. Its back is in tatters, and the light-colored cloth in which it was originally bound is blackened to ebony. A reporter was struck first by the apparent superfluity of sacred literature, and secondly by the contrast in the condition of the volumes.

"The two small books are for white people and the larger one for colored," explained an officer in reply to an inquiry.

"But why the discrimination?" queried the reporter.

"Well, it is supposed," rejoined the officer with a laugh, "that white people won't care to kiss the same book that the colored people kiss."

The books—there being a lull in the "business"—were neatly disposed ones on top of the other against the wall at one side of the desk. The reporter thought that after such loving companionship there couldn't be much choice for a kiss. Then he attacked the second problem.

"I presume this dilapidated volume is much older than the rest?"

"Well, no; I can't say 't is," replied the officer.

"The truth is," he continued, "they were bought at the same time. You want to know why that big one is in such a shaky condition? It isn't so much because it is used oftener, although it is, for the colored people do turn up here a little oftener than the whites. The real reason of the difference is this: the white people when sworn just touch their lips to the book in a sort of light and indifferent fashion. Not so the colored people. To them kissing the book is the most important part of their appearance here. It is to them a mystic rite that must be performed reverently, ardently, thoroughly. So they just precipitate themselves, as it were, upon that book. They fasten their lips upon it in a hot and clinging smack that just raises the cover every time."

The Suicide's Retreat.

[New York City, Pioneer Press.]  
New York mixes its contraries thoroughly. Witness the fact that its famous play ground, Central park, is its piece of tragedies. The wheels of millionaires' carriages roll on the asphalt roads past the seats of wrecks desperate with hunger. The hoofs of gay equestrians' horses raise dust that settles on the rags of miserable tramps. The secluded walks and shadowed recesses are thronged in the evenings by paired lovers, and in the mornings the bodies of suicides are found in these same sentimental retreats by the police.

Central park has become the chosen death place of so many people that there is an average of one suicide per day there. Most of them get bare mention in the papers, but the yield of interesting matter is so large that the police-station in the park is one of the points to which each city editor sends a reporter every midnight. The courtship of the poor of New York, and especially of servants who are denied facilities for that essential sort of thing indoors, is largely done in Central park. The policemen drive out the couples at 10 o'clock in the evening, and it is like shepherd dogs clearing vast flocks of sheep out of the woods.

Guards are maintained at the gates during the rest of the night, but it is easy to gain entrance elsewhere over the low stone wall. The water of the lakes offers absolutely costless means of death; the limbs of the trees require the scant outlet of a noose for strangulation; and to those able to buy poison, or with a knife to open a vein, the turf provides a soft bed for unwaking sleep. Had all the suicides been buried where they died, Central park would have become so much a cemetery that no objection could have been made to the interment of Grant. And if the motives of all the self-murderers could be learned there would need to be no further invention of themes for novels and plays.

Engraving Rings and Coins.

[Chicago Herald "Rambler."] I was talking with an engraver the other day and he took his dice-box out of his eye and said: "Take a look at my engraved coins for bangs is still unabated. Duglas comes to us continually with diamonds and quarters on which they want engraved mottoes and endearing terms. These baubles they give to their young lady friends and to each other! Some of the things we are asked to put on rings and watches would make your back ache. A German name in here last week and said: 'You vas poopy pinches, ain't it? I vas call since.' He went out and came back next day with a ring in which he said he wanted engraved the words 'But by death do us part.' We tried to tell him of his mistake, but he wouldn't hear of it and we cut it in.

"Some people want terrible gushy things in their rings. One woman had us engrave the word 'love' three times in a ring, each word being more deeply underscored than the last. A west side boy has brought the same engagement ring three times to us to engrave. He was jilted twice, and he had the false name's name erased and that of the new dame put in its place. One motto we put in a wedding ring was: 'Each for the other and both for God.' I once cut a monogram on a woman's tooth. Fact! No, it wasn't in her head, but on a fellow's watch-chain! Over the river!"

The Craze for Wax.

[Chicago Journal.] Two other things are being tried by the stationers to make wax more expensive and fashionable. They are beginning to use thumbtacks to bear seals, and hope to make some designs a popular craze. Then scented waxes are being imported from Paris, with a variety of colors, more or less desirable and costly. It is said one French firm makes wax, the perfume of which when burning will fill a room and last for hours about the envelope.

New Kind of Brain.

[Sacramento (Cal.) Union.] A new species of bear has been discovered on Mount Shasta which is found in no other part of the world. It is about the size of a shepherd dog, is white and very ferocious. Three have been killed lately.

A Dozen-Story Building Where Corn Starch Is Turned into "Grape" Sugar—History of the Corn—The Various Processes.

[T. C. Duncan, M. D., in Western Rural.] You want to know what that tall building is? Well, we will visit it. Count the stories."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven windows up and down."

"Well, here we are in the yard, and I advise you to use your eyes. You will want to look sharp when we are in the building and keep close to me."

"Do you see those cars? They are full of corn. There we see the corn pouring out of the one at that spout. We will see more of the corn and its great changes. But let us go to the office and get a guide."

In a short time the party were divested of all superfluous wraps and we will follow them to see what they saw. Away they went among great vats that looked like railroad water tanks, or until they came to a platform with a railing.

"Get on this and be careful for we will be carried right up." Away the elevator shot story after story, now past great wheels and belts, now through blinding steam, up and up.

"Be careful of that machinery," shouted the guide, "and go up that stair."

Up they went, now through a door along a dark passage beside a great iron water tank that laid on its side over 100 feet long, up another stair through another door, and behold they are on the roof—150 feet in the air. The whole city of Chicago lies at our feet. The sight would be grand if it was not for the cloud of smoke that hangs like a fog limiting our vision. We see a train crawling along like a snake, horses look like mice and men like brownies.

HISTORY OF THE CORN.

We cannot remember what was seen on the different stories but we can recall the history of the corn in this strange building.

Here we see a long row of mill rolls and burrs. Some contain corn, some corn-meal or broken corn. The corn is wet. Where has it been?

We see great vats where it has been soaked until it is swollen. It is then ground in those series of mills and then sifted on large incline sleeves. The coarse particle we see in troughs where a screw runs that pushes it over to another building where we are told it is made into food for cows. The white part we see is spread out on the floor in narrow troughs and a stream of water is turned on. The water carries off the yellow part of the corn. This follows the coarse parts over to the other building.

After the yellow part, called gluten or nitrogenous portion is carried off, the white part or starch remains. How white it is. This white or starchy portion has two destinations. We will follow some of the nicest as we see it placed in narrow racks. My, how hot it is where they cord them up. There is one being emptied; see how dry and white the starch is now. There a man is putting it up in barrels.

"Perhaps you would like water," said the guide, as they passed a pipe that was leaking water somewhere. "Corn needs lots of water to digest it," a fact that is growing more and more apparent to the boys as the doctor explained that this mill was only a big model of our digestive apparatus. "Our saliva turns starch into sugar; we see the same process here on a grander scale."

FRON STARCH TO SUGAR.

Now they came to a lot of men who were shoveling the wet starch into a great vat. A man was carefully weighing it and a carefully pouring in a liquid out of big bottles. Now water was added, and this was soon boiling up in great big kettles. This sap was being carefully watched by skilled men. The boys wanted to know all about this part, but they were so often cautioned to look out, and so afraid of the hissing great hot caldrons that they were glad to get away into another room where were tall funnel-shaped tanks, as high as a house. Here is one men are filling. We see them in first a great blanket and then pile on many feet of black charcoal in fine powder.

"These are percolators," explained the guide. "The sap that you saw boiling, when it is cooked in one after another of those great retorts is drawn off here where it is filtered. You will like it best after that. Let us go into the storeroom's room." Away they went into a small close room where clear streams of water were flowing, the boys thought them. Of course they were pinned in first a great blanket and then pile on many feet of black charcoal in fine powder.

As the men do the cooking and the main part of the sewing in Egypt, it is easy to see why there is no employment for women. Except in rare cases, their intelligence does not exceed that of an American child 10 or 12 years of age. Therefore, the men, although themselves not much superior, still have hardly any respect for them.

## LIFE IN THE HAREM.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE AMONG THE WOMEN OF EGYPT.

[T. C. Duncan, M. D., in Western Rural.]

"You want to know what that tall building is? Well, we will visit it. Count the stories."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven windows up and down."

"Well, here we are in the yard, and I advise you to use your eyes. You will want to look sharp when we are in the building and keep close to me."

"Do you see those cars? They are full of corn. There we see the corn pouring out of the one at that spout. We will see more of the corn and its great changes. But let us go to the office and get a guide."

In a short time the party were divested of all superfluous wraps and we will follow them to see what they saw. Away they went among great vats that looked like railroad water tanks, or until they came to a platform with a railing.

"Get on this and be careful for we will be carried right up." Away the elevator shot story after story, now past great wheels and belts, now through blinding steam, up and up.

"Be careful of that machinery," shouted the guide, "and go up that stair."

Up they went, now through a door along a dark passage beside a great iron water tank that laid on its side over 100 feet long, up another stair through another door, and behold they are on the roof—150 feet in the air. The whole city of Chicago lies at our feet. The sight would be grand if it was not for the cloud of smoke that hangs like a fog limiting our vision. We see a train crawling along like a snake, horses look like mice and men like brownies.

HISTORY OF THE CORN.

We cannot remember what was seen on the different stories but we can recall the history of the corn in this strange building.

Here we see a long row of mill rolls and burrs. Some contain corn, some corn-meal or broken corn. The corn is wet. Where has it been?

We see great vats where it has been soaked until it is swollen. It is then ground in those series of mills and then sifted on large incline sleeves. The coarse particle we see in troughs where a screw runs that pushes it over to another building where we are told it is made into food for cows. The white part we see is spread out on the floor in narrow troughs and a stream of water is turned on. The water carries off the yellow part of the corn. This follows the coarse parts over to the other building.

After the yellow part, called gluten or nitrogenous portion is carried off, the white part or starch remains. How white it is. This white or starchy portion has two destinations. We will follow some of the nicest as we see it placed in narrow racks. My, how hot it is where they cord them up. There is one being emptied; see how dry and white the starch is now. There a man is putting it up in barrels.

"Perhaps you would like water," said the guide, as they passed a pipe that was leaking water somewhere. "Corn needs lots of water to digest it," a fact that is growing more and more apparent to the boys as the doctor explained that this mill was only a big model of our digestive apparatus. "Our saliva turns starch into sugar; we see the same process here on a grander scale."

FRON STARCH TO SUGAR.

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DINNER IN THE HAREM.

Let me describe dinner in the harem when a guest is present. Their tables are always circular and about a foot and a half in height. They sit like dolls around them on cushions. The old, inactive and fat, once down, have to be pulled up. They serve but one dish at a time, and that in a large circular salver of silver, brass or sometimes gold. They have no forks, knives or spoons, but each dips two fingers of the right hand into the dish and takes out a bit, the meat having been cut into small pieces in plates and placed in it in mouth. If they wish to particularly distinguish a visitor they select a dainty piece and place it in their mouth. It would be an insult to betray any feeling but delight at such a mark of favor.

A great dish for a feast, and one which few Christian women have ever tasted, is that of a lamb roast. After the manner of a nest of Chinese boxes, each smaller than the other, the lamb is stuffed with a whole turkey, the turkey with a chicken, the chicken with a pigeon, the pigeon with a quail, the quail with a bantam, the smallest bird known except the humming bird. It resembles our red bird in taste and makes just a mouthful. The lamb is roasted over a slow fire until it is cooked to shreds and melts into one as it were. The Egyptians have no systemized way of eating, no set time for meals, but keep up a continual munching of sweets, of which they have a great variety unknown to us, and all sickeningly sweet to a European palate. They use honey for sugar.

In an Egyptian kitchen there is a total absence of what a civilized cook would consider indispensable in the way of cooking utensils and appliances. There is no dresser upon which to arrange the dishes; there is no sink nor running water, nor anything like our cooking stove or range, but upon one side of the kitchen there is erected a great square shelf with deep drawers, the openings to which are on the top. This queer object is the Egyptian range—the openings are charcoal furnaces, and as they are disconnected, a cook can have a dozen or more on, as he desires. I have often been astonished at the excellence and delicacy of a dinner cooked upon one of these rude ranges.

"Taste very sweet," remarks little Dan more to himself than aloud, but the professor heard it and explained.

"This is corn syrup. You see some is thick and some thin. This will have to be boiled over to make it thicker," said the guide.

"This is thick enough to be congealed and crystallized. Follow me and look out."

"GRAPE SUGAR.

Away they went into another room, stilling hot with more charcoal and more kernels. Then on into another room, where were vats and lots of machinery. Here is a tub-like one with a screw in the middle. See the water fly; but the water is syrup, and the tub is a machine for squeezing the sugar free from the syrup. We see the blocks of iron contain a white or yellow center. That is sugar. There it goes to the mill to be ground into great balls. Then it is put into a mill that grinds it up fine. Now we go into the laboratory and are shown white sugar made from the corn that looks as nice as any sugar.

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"This is grape sugar, my boy, and not sugar. The chemical arrangements are different. We hope some day to go a step higher, and make cane sugar out of corn."

Why They Don't Fall.

[Chicago Times.]

On the sides of the cave recently discovered in Calaveras county, California, are seen huge boulders, which seem about to fall upon the invaders of their grand domain. A closer observation will show, however, that the boulders, which originally were displaced from the roof, have been caught in a fissure in the wall, where they have remained in the same threatening attitude for centuries, as is shown by the depth of the calcareous deposits which cover them.

The American Game of Poker.

[Gothic in Boston Globe.] The money bet on athletic sports does not generally carry the demoralization of money put on cards where trickery is a component of the game. The American game of poker is like the highest form of alcohol, and it has set the world on fire. It is purely and only a game for betting, and its devotees are in every hamlet. No doubt it does, like war, test the staying quality and moral courage of a man, and yet, like war, it is the sum of all evils.

["Gothic" in Boston Globe.]

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., November 28, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

LET US give thanks. In the history of our country, the people have never had greater cause for being glad and thankful than in this good old year of our Lord, 1885. At peace at home and abroad; with sectional animosities never obliterated than ever before, and with a fraternal feeling fast taking its place; with bountiful crops and commercial prosperity; the absence of epidemic and virulent diseases; for these and all the manifold blessings vouchsafed to us as a nation, we are and should be profoundly grateful and thankful to the Giver of every good gift. The custom of setting apart one day in every year for the giving of thanks originated in New England, but since 1862, when Lincoln issued the first proclamation for a day of national prayer and thanksgiving for the success of the Federal Armies and a triumphant termination of the civil war, the fourth Thursday in each November has been proclaimed by the President of the United States and supplemented by the governors of the various States, as a day of national thanksgiving.

Congress has since made the day a legal holiday, and the custom of observing it will no doubt last as long as our government. Until late years the South has not paid that attention to the observance of Thanksgiving as they do in the North, but every year the day is growing more sacred, and now from one end of the country to the other the Christian people unite in giving thanks and praise to Almighty God. It is meet, too, that they should do so, for no nation under the sun is so prosperous and happy as ours. Originally we suppose it was not designed as a day of feasting, but as a man is in more condition to feel thankful when his stomach is full, it is well that the innovation has been established and that the turkey the most glorious of birds, the eagle not excepted, has been designed for especial service on that day. And while we who are able are enjoying the good things of life to day, let us not forget the poor and the suffering, but give them cause too to be thankful and happy. There are people right in this town, who long for the crumbs that fall from our tables and who shiver and suffer with cold for the want of proper clothing. They are deserving people, too, who fight hard to keep the wolf from their door. Let us give to them of our abundance remembering it is more blessed to give than to receive. So here's wishing that everybody may enjoy the day and for the especial benefit of those who love to read we present this double number of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, confident that they at least will be edified and entertained.

THE WINCHESTER Sun declares unequivocally for the whipping-post in the course of a well considered editorial says: We are in favor of a whipping-post as the only speedy, cheap and effectual way of treating petit larceny and some other minor crimes. One fellow jumps up and says it is a relic of barbarism. We answer, that whipping is authorized to be applied to convicts, serving in the penitentiary, and is used often, as we learn, so when you send a criminal to the State prison to avoid threshing him, you are putting him in the very place to catch it. We know that this law is most objected against because it would fall heaviest upon the colored race. The law should be made to apply to certain crimes and then let those who commit them suffer.

THE best suggestion in regard to the proposed business meeting of the Kentucky editors comes from Mr. Hawthorne Hill, of the Louisville Commercial, in which he says: "It is doubtful whether any united effort can help newspapers to get subscriptions or advertisements, or to collect cash from patrons, as some have suggested. Every newspaper, in a business sense, must stand upon its own merits, the fittest surviving. A newspaper not wanting the orders of advertising agents at starvation prices can reject them without calling the attention of the whole State to it. An association which would support a worthless newspaper at the expense of better ones, would be an evil."

JUDGE F. T. FOX denies that he is an applicant for office under Mr. Cleveland, but confesses to a willingness to have the lightning strike him in the shape of a good paying one. The president ought to do something for a man who talks as Judge FOX does about him. He says: "I regard President Cleveland the greatest man who has been in the chair since Washington. He has ideas of government above partisanship, I admire him further because he has sat upon the Knott-Beck ring of Kentucky, and because he has, in giving Kentucky its share of appointments, selected the best men."

A MILWAUKEE miss bears the proud distinction of being the only female switch tender in America. She earns \$10 per month and she is too sensible to accept the numerous offers of marriage made to her by lazy men who want to divide it with her.

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr. J. S. Miller, recommends the abolition of the office of tobacco inspector and an unlimited bonded period for whisky. This latter proposition will be received with great favor by the producers of the article.

THE New York Sun occasionally gets off the track, but as a general thing it steers very close to the democratic line. It is in its fullest meaning a newspaper and in that respect always reliable and interesting. See advertisement in another column.

THERE will be no organized fight against the Board of Equalization in the coming Legislature. The matter has been so thoroughly discussed that the people now understand it, and every honest tax payer—of which class we hope there is a majority—is desirous that the Board shall stand. [Yeoman. We think you are mistaken. Hon. F. F. Bobbitt has promised his constituents that it shall be repealed and there are a number of good reasons why it should be or greatly improved upon.

THE Courier Journal is beyond compare the best morning paper published in the Southwest and pre-eminently the paper for Kentuckians. Read its prospectus in this issue and if you are not a subscriber enlist at once. We send its weekly with our paper for \$3 for both a year.

THE Frankfort Capital will be issued daily during the session of the Legislature, which shows that there is always calm in Gilead and a compensation for every evil. The session lasts usually about 100 days and the daily will be sent the whole time for only \$1.

THE London papers, after calling each other every mean thing they could think of, have wisely concluded to quit grumbling.

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Galveston sufferers by the fire have received \$106,000 in contributions.

—A fine Bengal tiger, bought by New York for Central Park, cost only \$800.

—Near Dubois, Pa., a shanty burned and two drunken occupants, James McGraw and William Campbell, burned to death.

—The Secretary of the Treasury appointed James C. Dugan to be Local Inspector of Steam Boilers at the port of Louisville.

—Gen. Jasanovitch, dismissed from the Servian army for disobeying orders, has committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver.

—The administrator of T. J. Nichols, who died from injuries received in an accident on K. C., has brought suit against that road for \$50,000.

—John Charles Fremont, the first republican candidate for the Presidency, is now seventy-two years old and is said to be in a state of extreme poverty.

—Miss Cora Erwin, of Kansas City, obtained a verdict for \$10,000 for breach of promise in a suit against Robert L. Jacobs, of Excelsior Springs, Mo.

—Willie Demund blew off his thumb and finger with dynamite, at Williamsburg, Mich. The fight caused the boy's grandmother to drop dead from heart disease.

—The Secretary of the Treasury, it is stated, will dismiss a number of clerks Dec. 1 for being offensive and impolite to persons transacting business with the Department.

—Wm. A. Beach was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twenty-third district of New York. There now remains but three Collectors who were in office March 4.

—James Menaugh, town marshal of Paris, is reported to have inflicted such injuries upon a colored woman, named Snell, while she was under arrest, as will cause her death. He has fled.

—Elizur Wright died at Medford, Mass., aged 81. He was closely identified with anti-slavery publications in the days when the Abolitionists were making their bitterest and most determined efforts.

—The lower portions of New York city are inundated, both the Hudson and East Rivers having overflowed. The storm and tide is the worst ever known in the city. Millions of property has been swept away.

—Rumors of the death of King Alfonso were current Wednesday in London. Though they are probably incorrect, there is no doubt that he is in a precarious condition, and his death may occur at any moment.

—A mass convention of the voters of Hardin county will be held at Elizabethtown, December 20, to give expression to their wishes in reference to the appropriation of \$10,000 surplus fund now belonging to the county.

—Ex Confederate soldiers, who were drafted into service, are being swindled by Washington claim agents, who delude them with the idea that they can collect from the government for the reason that they were forced to fight.

—Near Clarion, Pa., two robbers went to the house of an old man named Jacob Lafe and on his refusal to divulge the hiding place of his money, poured petroleum on him and set fire to it. He told where the money was but was terribly burned.

—Bourbon county is in a prosperous condition. Her last Court of Claims was in session only a day and a half and the only levy made was ten cents on the one hundred dollars for county purposes. The taxes, State and county, only amount to 62 cents on the \$100.

—Col. Charles Green, President of the St. Louis Fair Association, is in Washington to have a bill introduced in Congress locating the International Fair in 1892, commemorative of the landing of Columbus, at the Mound City, Louisville and Chicago will contest for the location.

—Pittsburgh nail-makers are on a strike, and the manufacturers there claim that Eastern manufacturers in the same line are furnishing the strikers with funds, and propose to continue to do so until the strike ends. This shrewd but uncommercial conduct gives the Eastern men a complete monopoly of the nail trade, and they are making the most of it.

—King Milan has decided to abdicate the throne since his fearful defeat and will likely be succeeded by Prince Karageorgieffich. The Bulgarian losses so far in the campaign are 200 dead and 2,000 wounded, 350 of the latter being severely injured. Sixty-four Servian officers have been killed or wounded. Five hundred starving Servians have submitted to the Bulgarians on the frontier.

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### HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Uriah Dunn has returned from the South.

—Miss Dolly Williams is at home from Harrodsburg on a furlough.

—Ellis Sutton, who has had a serious attack of fever, is reported improving.

—The candy party of last week was financially a success. The few who attended Reid's peripatetic concert are apologizing for their blunder.

—It is noticeable that in the scarcity of preaching the citizens of Hustonville have decided to mend their ways, which is attested by a liberal application of gravel to the streets.

—Dave Allen is off again with a car load of hogs bought at \$3. Will Hocker has taken a position at the Rowland railroad office. Josh Swope is growing fat on his candidacy.

—Have just returned from an eight-day's ride among the "deestrict," and have no means of catching on to current news. Was grieved to learn that R. H. Thompson, one of our best and most promising young married men, had fallen a victim Monday evening to the fearful typhoid fever. A young, intelligent and accomplished wife and five interesting little children survive him.

—The last exhibit of the accommodating spirit of the railroad is seen in the arrangement by which our mails—out and in—are sent to Milledgeville for distribution. The practical result is that the letter, which, in our palmer days, flitted over the ten miles intervening between us and Stanford in two days now requires three in which to make the transit. It is moved and seconded that we have our mails directed to Louisville and employ—by way of lightning express—Arch Carson's "Charles" to ply between this point and that. Are you ready for the question?

—After my late experience in wandering through the country I can not refrain from the declaration that for large, generous and cordial hospitality, unassuming and unfeigned generality, and thoughtful and judicious attention to the wants of the wayfarer, old Lincoln stands without a rival.

—I went among her people a stranger and an orphan—not oppressively young 'tis true but fearfully diffident—and with old and young, among all classes, everywhere, all united in their contributions to my comfort and enjoyment. Vive Lincoln! May her future be heroic as her past, bright and peaceful as her present and stainless as her history.

### DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Fat hogs are worth 3 cents in Danville to day.

—A. E. Gibbons is frescoing the ceiling of his business house on Third street and otherwise beautifying the same.

—Rev. P. T. Hale on Monday evening received a telegram announcing the death of his sister at Starkville, Mississippi.

—Heege's Bad Boy Company will exhibit at the Opera House to-night (Wednesday) and I. W. Baird's Minstrels to-morrow night.

—J. W. Guthrie, whose arrest was noticed in the last report, has not yet been tried. He is indignant over his arrest, and claims that he is maliciously persecuted.

—A suit for damages is talked about.

—Haas & Handman are killing and shipping about 400 turkeys per week. They are buying all they can find and paying good prices therefor.

—Mr. Peter Fox, son of ex-Judge Fox, of this place, is quite ill in New York. His brother, Mr. C. C. Fox, went to see him the beginning of the week. Mr. Basil Guest will leave Monday on a business trip to Washington City and Chicago. Mr. Charles F. Johnson, a turfman of Louisville, is in town. Mr. Francis Cropper, of Chicago, is visiting his mother, Mrs. M. E. Cropper, at Gilcher's.

—Geo. Grant planted his right duke in Henry Fry's left optic Tuesday night and then drew navy on Henry and threatened to shoot him. George was tried Wednesday morning and fined \$20 and bound over to keep the peace. Dick Mason blacked John Fellman's eye and drew a knife on him. Dick's bill was \$10. Both are in the work house in default of payment. Two women, one white and the other colored, were sent to the work house five days each for lewd conduct. Mollie Brooks was the white woman's name and Bettie Cahl the "en titlement" of the colored person.

### MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—Thanksgiving turkeys are scarce. Not a great many will be used up here.

—The track on the railroad switch at this place is being laid with steel rails.

—We have had two days of almost continual snow, but it disappeared as fast as it fell.

—F. L. Thompson and wife have returned from a visit to relatives in Garrard. W. G. Adams is back from Missouri. Representative W. R. Ramsey, of London, was in town this week.

—The special term of the County Court yesterday resolved to build a new county jail. They passed a resolution asking the Legislature to give the county power to sell the county's bonds to the amount not exceeding \$8,000 for the purpose of building said jail. J. W. Brown, J. K. McClary and M. J. Cok were appointed a committee to draft a bill and present it before the Legislature at its session this winter.

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—Stock hogs 3 cents and corn \$1.50 per barrel are the ruling figures in Scott.

—Parcquet Springs, near Shepperville, were sold under judicial decree at Louisville for \$1,000 and purchased by Geo. W. Simmons for \$3,900.

### MARRIAGES.

—Married, at Monticello, Ky., Nov. 22, by Rev. W. J. Holtzclaw, Mr. Hiram R. Hays, County Attorney of Wayne county, and Miss Eva Owens, of Pulaski county.

—In Pennsylvania a girl under age and without parents has to have a guardian appointed to sign her request for a marriage license, in case she wants to get married.

—The proceeding costs \$15. More than the average girl in that State is worth.

—In the breach of promise suit of Miss Bettie Turner against Mr. Thomas M. Ryan, at Mayfield, in which damage to the amount of \$5,000 was claimed, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, awarding her \$1,000. The verdict is heartily approved by the community.

### RELIGIOUS.

—The faith cure people are holding a convention in Philadelphia.

—St. Joseph's, the first colored Catholic church in Virginia, was dedicated at Richmond.

—Mr. Beecher announces that the charities of the late H. B. Claflin amounted to about one million dollars.

—The revival now in progress at the Baptist church conducted by Rev. J. J. Taylor has resulted in twenty conversions. —[Winchester Sun]

—The missionary societies of the Methodist church have appropriated the great sum of \$1,155,236 for home and foreign missions during the ensuing year.

—William Noble, the English temperance lecturer, plays an accompaniment on the concertina when he sings and calls upon his hearers to don the blue ribbon.

—A Thanksgiving service in which all the churches are invited to participate will be held at the Methodist church this morning. Rev. F. S. Pollitt will preach at 11 o'clock.

—Rev. Henry M. Schrader has received a flattering and unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Little Rock, the largest church in Arkansas. He will probably accept.

—Evangelist W. P. Harvey, Superintendent of Baptist Mission of the East district of Kentucky, in the last two months has raised \$2,500 for missions, held fifteen revivals, resulting in 405 additions, and organized seven churches at important centers of influence.—[Courier-Journal].

—Another faith-cure story has been set afloat. It relates this time to Miss Jennie Brown, a young lady of Newark, O., who has been brought to the verge of the grave by consumption, and who was last Monday anointed and prayed for by a disciple of the theory. She got up the next morning and continued during the week to regain her health with astonishing rapidity.

### LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Big lot of Salt at T. R. Walton's. \*

—J. E. Lynn sold to Tom Wood 34 fat cattle, averaging about 1,400 lbs., at \$42 cents.

—J. M. Hail sold to Ad. Catron 39 sloping cattle weighing about 900 pounds, at \$2 cents.

—A. B. Bowling, of Fayette, bought 180 feeding cattle, weighing 1,150, at 4 to 4½ —[Paris News].

—Mr. J. C. Hays has bought principally in Laurel county, 38 head of 4 to 6 year-old mules at prices ranging from \$75 to \$125.

—The Times says the Georgetown Creamery is more than paying expenses since it has been run as an individual and not as a stockholder's enterprise.

—A dozen big cheeses, weighing from fifteen hundred to three thousand pounds, recently arrived at New York on their way to the English and Scotch markets.

—Dr. Doug Price has sold his flock of 12 turkeys at \$1 each. They are what the Dr. calls the yellow red, and are remarkable for their size.—[Lexington Press].

—Best butcher cattle are in demand in Louisville at 4 to 4½, other grades drag at 1½ to 2 cents. Smooth packing hogs are active at 3½ to \$3. Sheep are firm at 1 to 3 cents.

—The next annual meeting of the Kentucky State Horticultural Society takes place at Glasgow, December 1, 1886, and the L. & N. announces a rate of four cents for the round trip.

# GOING TO KANSAS!

## GREAT CLOSING - OUT SALE!

—Of the Combined Stocks of—

## HAYDEN & LYCLE!

STANFORD, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

In order to close out our Immense Stock of Dry Goods by January 1st, as we leave then for the West, we offer at retail

Twenty Thousand Dollars Worth

Of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Fancy Goods, Etc.,  
Etc., at and below Wholesale Cost.

A greater portion of the stock is NEW AND SEASONABLE, having been bought for the present season's trade, and the Goods are of Superior Quality and Style, adapted to the requirements of the best trade. The unseasonable goods in stock are selling BELOW FIRST COST and induce purchasers to buy and carry over for Spring and Summer use. Great BARGAINS are offered in a limited amount of tail-end and slightly damaged goods, sold regardless of cost to insure quick sales. The sale is strictly for cash and no accounts will be made.

HAYDEN & LYCLE.

### L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North..... 1:15 P. M.  
South..... 12:30 P. M.  
Express train..... 1:15 P. M.  
McAlister..... 1:15 P. M.  
North..... 2:05 A. M.  
The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

### LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.  
McRoberts & Stagg are headquarters for ammunition.

Guns at all prices at McRoberts & Stagg's, from \$2.50 to \$100.

COMPLETE stock of school books, and school supplies at McRoberts & Stagg's.

WATCHER and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Buy the Hass Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

### LOCAL MATTERS.

A SUITE of excellent front rooms for rent. Apply to E. P. Owsley.

NEW Sorghum molasses and new crop N. O. Sugar at Bright & Metcalf's.

SEVERANCE BROS. will serve oysters in any style during the candy pulling Friday evening.

PERSONS indebted to me by note on account will confer a favor by settling at once as I wish to close up my business. J. W. Hayden.

MEAT CUTTERS, lard cans, salt, eggs, black and Cayenne pepper, butcher knives, in fact everything needed in hog killing, for sale low by T. R. Walton.

A TREAT is in store for all who attend the Peck's Bad Boy Performance at the Opera House to night. There are several other characters besides the bad boy that will be well worth seeing.

A. T. NUNNELLEY has moved his stock of harness to the room formerly occupied by Dr. J. F. Peyton over his Library Stable, which he will sell at cost for cash for the next sixty days.

AN offer has been made by Cincinnati parties to establish gas works at Winchester to cost \$30,000, for which they ask no subscription, only asking the council to give them the right of way and agree to have the streets lighted. We wish they would come this way with the same proposition.

AFTER a ten day's hunt in Tennessee, Meers, H. C. Bright, J. B. Owane, R. G. Evans, Boyle Rules and Sam Marryfield returned yesterday. They say that they killed 600 birds, 26 ducks and two turkeys and Mr. Bright proved the latter assertion by bringing home a large gobbler, which yesterday ornamented the front of his store for the benefit of the curious.

A MUCH needed pavement is being laid in Court Square from Lancaster street.

THREE dozen pairs of Roller skates in good order for sale. W. P. Walton, Stanford.

BRICK.—Two hundred and fifty thousand, hard and well-burned, for sale by Henry Baughman.

THE Commissioner advertises over a dozen farms to be sold at auction December County Court day.

SHAFER, the Artist, is at his old stand ready to do anything in the picture line. New styles and new prices for the Holiday.

SEE our line of heating stoves, coal vases, kitchen sets, &c., before buying. The largest and cheapest lot in town. Bright & Metcalf.

THIS is a good snap for hog killing and the farmers are putting in best licks. Spare ribs and sausage are therefore the fashionable dish now.

ALL parties indebted to me by account or note will please call and settle at once. My business must be closed up by Jan. 1st, 1886. Robt. S. Lytle.

KLASS & LEVI are always up with the procession as will be seen by the announcement they make on our first page. Read it and go and see how near they fulfill their promises.

YOU don't want to miss Dr. Penny's concert solo and Mr. Sam Wilhite's harp performance at the Rink Friday night.

THE several efforts to snow resulted in a very light covering of the earth yesterday morning.

WE are out of the coal trade and those indebted to us will please call and settle. Bright & Metcalf.

GO to J. T. Harris for fresh oysters in every style at 25 cents per dozen, as cheap as by the can. Celery 35 cents per dozen.

WILLIAM HOWARD, the fellow who it is alleged attempted to assassinate Deputy Marshal Rogers, by shooting him through a window, at Harlan C. H., was lodged in jail here for safe keeping Tuesday. A small army of guards came along when perhaps two would have been more than sufficient.

—John Ringgold sued the town of Harrodsburg for \$10,000 damages for injuries sustained by falling into an open cellar-way. The jury awarded him \$150.

—Dodd & Rife, of Lincoln county, bought 50 steers at \$3 and 4 cents. Simms & Mattingly sold to Alford, Bettis & Co., New Orleans, a car load of mules, nearly 16 hands high, at \$150. Yesterday they sold to Peacher & Co., Montgomery, Ala., 23 head of mules, 4 to 6 years old, 14 hands 3 inches high, at \$105. McElroy sold to Bigger 18 head 1270 pound cattle at \$410.

—[Lebanon Standard.]

### PERSONAL.

—MR. AND MRS. S. E. LACKREY returned to Gallatin yesterday.

—MRS. LELIA LYNAM, of Louisville, is visiting her mother, Mrs. King.

—MRS. T. R. WALTON has returned from a visit to Mrs. William Royston, in Garrison.

—JOE EMBRY came over from the State College to spend Thanksgiving with his parents.

—MESSRS. W. P. GRIMES and W. B. McRoberts attended the Miller-Moore marriage at Paris.

—MR. E. B. HAYDEN has so far recovered from his late accident to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

—MR. G. G. WINE is out after his sever- al weeks' spell of fever. G. R. Hardin will be able to handle the mail on the K. C. again and George S. Carpenter will charge upon the unprotected voter same more in a few days.

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## ARROYO CITY BANK.

[E. Hough in The Current.]  
Arroyo City, in her own opinion, was very nearly the Leadville of the southwest. In order to become so entirely, it was only necessary that she should have a bank. The honest miners were tired of using due-bills, and grocery orders and iron disks as currency; even postoffice orders could not always be cashed on demand. They wanted to have a little book to carry in their pockets. They wanted to have a bank account. They wanted to have a place where they could assume more intimate relations with that vaguely understood commodity which they had heard spoken of as eastern exchange. And, reasoned they, in addition to the vast increase of personal dignity which would be brought about by the establishment of such an institution, the tone of a city which could support it must needs be infinitely above that of any low-down camp like Bonito Canon, which had but two newspapers to its name, and no prospects whatever of a bank.

But as yet there had appeared no prophet in Israel, and it is probable that Arroyo City would have been forever debarred from this last pinnacle of glory, had it not been for Messrs. Borson, Chalmers, Thompson & Co. This firm of capitalists, who were bent upon developing the camp, had been attracted to it in its early days. It was they who erected the electric compensating mill.

The joint capital of the firm amounted to a very few thousands of dollars, they had decided not to build one of the old-fashioned stamp-mills, but to erect one which would do twice the work in one-fourth the time, and cost only half the money. By this time, it is plain to be seen, they would secure very great arithmetical advantages; and this, the inventor told them, the electric compensating mill would do, or money cheerfully refunded. There are a great many kinds of gold mills in the Rocky mountains, but I do not believe there are very many electric compensating mills. It is said that the inventor tried to build another like that of Arroyo City, but failed to do so, and soon thereafter died, his secret

With him.

But I would not be understood as saying, a word agaist this mill. It was a source of great pride to Arroyo City; for she knew that neither in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth was there anything that resembled it. It certainly gave employment to a large body of men, although it was a very small mill. And it certainly did, by its peculiar system of grinding and crushing, so far reduce the local ores that it was impossible, with a single gold-pan, to wash quite considerable quantities of "dust" from its "tailings," so if one found himself in that interesting condition usually called "dead broke," he could always secure there from a respectable return for his labor. To be sure, the mill should have saved all this gold; but, as the honest miners reasoned, it was much better in the tailings than not at all. The mill did not run very long. It was of few days and full of trouble. But its history was so intimately connected with that of the Arroyo City bank that I must not here further pursue it. Enough has been said, I trust, to show that Messrs. Borson, Chalmers, Thompson & Co. were shrewd, enterprising, and thoughtful business men, and very fair types of the indomitable eastern capitalists who have developed the mineral resources of our western territories. Indeed, Mr. Chalmers' resident manager of the company's interests (they owned several extensive mining claims, for the most part in an excellent state of preservation, by reason of their having been thoroughly "salted" before purchase) has often been heard to say that he and his company were indomitable, and that they meant to defend the camp.

Mr. Chalmers was a short young man, who wore very high boots, a very large revolver, and, it is alleged, a full beard. He always spalled the manager part of his name with a very large M. He was well qualified to succeed in the mines, by reason of having studied geology, and likewise well qualified to succeed in life, by reason of having studied political economy. He often said that the secret of securing wealth lay only in finding a want and then filling it.

"Pris'ner at the bar," said Andy Johnson, "You open them kags?" Mr. McPhantion stepped from in front of the third keg. Andy Johnson bent forward and looked at its contents. "Boys," said he, "I am upon the counter, 'boys, this here's the first bank openin' I ever 'tended, and mebbe I ain't very well up on such matters, but I never could see, ner I can see now, what's the use—what's the use, boys, in a bank's a-havin' its spechure in with ten-penny nailis? Say," he continued, in the silence which followed. "Fatty Morgan's got some of the best packin' rope ever come to the camp. You better git it there, I reckon."

So they got it there, and twenty minutes later two tripod stools in the street (for there was not a lamp-post in Arroyo City, and not a tree or a house or a cross-beam where a man could be decently hanged) and the two managers were having their trial.

The summons was served so promptly on Mr. Chalmers that he had not time to brush the shaving from his coat.

"Pris'ner at the bar," said Andy Johnson in his arraignment, "the charges aginst ye is first, that ye have been playin' a blind game on to this camp from first to last, an' blatin' on no kind of a hand at all; second, that ye ain't paid yer honest debts, an' don't intend to; third, that ye have imposed on to the confidence an' fool'd with the sacerdotal feelings of this here community, by a pertenin' to start a bank here when you hadn't money enough to sit into a decent game of poker, an' a spinnin' a game onto us all make us the laugin' stock of the whole Rocky mountains an' a by-word an' reproach for even Bonito Canon; fourth, that ye have been guilty of ake' herein which is scandalous an' unforgivable; fifth, that yer a pair of miserly, white-livered cowards, that this here camp ain't got no use fer. Now what ye got to say?"

Col. George F. Boal, Jr., Esq., the pilot lawyer from Kentucky, here thrust in his brawz face and asked to be allowed to make a speech for the prosecution. His request was denied, whereupon he dictated a note to the prisoners, offering to defend them for \$10 cash. A very indomitable practitioner, Col. George F. Boal, Jr., Esq., and one well qualified to succeed, by reason of his great flow of language and his very imposing signature.

But precisely at this juncture happened a very strange thing—the only thing which makes this story of any interest to me at all. There appeared at the edge of the crowd a comely and well dressed young woman, who at once made her way to the side of the prisoners. White-faced, wat-eyed, and bewept, she put her hand upon the bowed shoulders of the creature nearest her, and, looking about her, said: "I am sure you will not hurt him, sir. He is my husband."

A gasp, a very groan, went up from the crowd of men.

But it was, indeed, Mr. Chalmers' wife, who had unexpectedly arrived during the past week to pay her husband a short visit, and who presence in that camp was not generally known. At the very tableaux instant the whole history of these two could be read—the old, old story of a final-souled, womanly woman joined for life to a despicable pretense of a man; a man who had married her for her money, which he had squandered. Why are the e-things? In the southwest one says: "Quien sabe?"

"He is my husband," she said again.

"Pris'ner at the bar," said Andy Johnson, slowly shaking his finger in the face of Mr. Chalmers, "the last charge aginst ye is the worst. Why didn't you tell us you had such a wife? Not content with ruinin' the reputation of this camp, you have come blame near throwin' onto us the 'ditional disgrace of havin' acted one-curtain to a woman—an' the partie woman as ever struck Arroyo City." He removed his hat. He had kept it on in the presence of death. "Boys," he continued, "Arroyo City's party low down in the pan now, I allows that's so. But it won't never do, it ja' never won't do, to have it said of her that she left a pore

in the ground."

And all this time the kegs of specie stood unopened in the back room of the adobe hut which was to be the bank building. It was explained that the arrival of the bank fixtures was awaited, and impatient citizens were asked to remember that a bank could no more be started without a mahogany counter and a plate glass teller's table than it could without kegs of specie.

But Arroyo City grew impatient. A

public meeting was held upon the plaza one

evening, wherein it was unanimously resolved that upon the following day, first, the bank should open; second, a cleaning up should be made. This action was communicated to Mr. Chalmers, but so far from being pleased at the interest manifested, he appeared much disconcerted, and, with a very pale face, hastened over to consult his colleague, Mr. Azrael McPhantion, a young man of small chin, large revolver, and diamond ring, who was to assume the duties of cashier in the bank. Mr. McPhantion was a cousin of Mr. Borson, and was resident manager of a very large corporation whose interests (on paper) were centered at Arroyo City.

Now I shall scarcely be credited in saying, as I nevertheless must say, that these two be-whiskered and be-pistoled young borderers were natives of the good old Quaker city of Philadelphia, and themselves retained the habits of their youth. To be sure, they bore arms, but they never, never used them, nor would either of them have slain so much as a rabbit, even could he have hit it, as indeed neither could have done; nor yet a concourse of large rabbits.

"I tell thee, Mac, we're in a box!" said Mr. Chalmers, Manager.

"Well, Eli, don't I know that? I'm just as bally scared as thee is!" said Azrael, Manager.

"He is my husband," she murmured.

And that is how it happened that the prisoners were allowed to depart from Arroyo City; Mr. McPhantion being contemptuously pushed after his comrade (with the remark that "the tail of the ox went with the hide"). A hundred men watched them, hands in pockets and profanity aflow.

As they went, the woman—unnatural sight!—wiped away the tears from the eyes of him who should always have dried her own. And the full sun in the west shone hard upon the shame of it as she led him up the hill.

young woman a widow an' alone in this cursed country—"

(A voice: "We can take care of her!") "To be sure we can take care of her, au' very likely better than this feller, but boys, I really must say that aint the point. A woman's mighty particular about such things, an' I couldn't, as far's I'm concerned, I jest really couldn't—oh, why, a woman allus did make a fool o' me!"

There was silence. Col. George F. Boal, Jr., Esq., began to make a speech. Somebody suppressed him. The two managers sat with tear-streaked faces, looking from side to side. Above them stood the woman, head upright, braver than they.

"He is my husband," she murmured.

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## "VOLAPUK."

## A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE WHICH PROMISES TO PROVE PRACTICAL.

## Principles Upon Which It Is Founded—

What Scientific Men Think of It—

Especially Acquired and of Remarkable Simplicity.

[Paris Cor. New York Times.]

There is no manner of use in searching on any map for Volapukia. There is no such place as Volapukia, there is no such people as the Volapukians, and yet there is a language called "Volapuk," which does exist, which was born all armed, as Minerva was born from the brain of Zeus, with its grammar and its dictionary and its rules, and of which the acknowledged parent is a German professor at the university of Constance. It is quite a young idiom—the date of its official entrance into the world was 1881—and its vitality is not yet above suspicion, but it seems to be vigorously constituted, and it has thrived considerably during the first four years of its existence.

The most terrible trial of non-polyglot travelers, as everybody admits, is the diversity of tongues; certainly, if every one spoke French, English, or German we should be spared this ennu. But, unfortunately, any nation is weak enough to possess its own language, and there is no reason to hope for the advent of that blessed day when the difficulties which began at Babel will be obviated without recourse to that impossible labor vainly undertaken by Descartes and Leibnitz, the study of every idiom spoken on the globe's surface.

"Try my plan," says the learned professor; "take up my treatise on 'Volapuk' and you can converse with a Hottentot, or an Afghan, or a Kanaka of Honolulu as easily as with one of your own countrymen. Unlike the results obtained by French Without a Master in Twelve Easy Lessons," one month's tuition from me will enable you to go everywhere and talk to anybody about anything.

Mariners need not be polyglot to communicate with each other on the ocean.

Civilized nations have adopted an international code of signal whereby conventional groups of letters are like numbers. The figure 4 is read four by the Englishman, vier by the German, quatre by the Russian, quatre on the meaning of this sign, and so it is for signals. One ship telegraphs to another the following group of letters: QCB = FCPB = FBKS. If that other ship be English or American its captain will read: Our ship will sail to-morrow evening; if it be Spanish: Nuestra nave partira mañana por la tarde; if French: Ntre navire partira demain soir." This is a first step in the right direction, but it is only applicable to writing; it is a precious resource for ships, but it offers no resource for conversation, and it is this which Herr Schleyer proposes to supply by the general introduction of "Volapuk," into the education of the masses. "Volapuk," from puk, language and vol, universe, meaning that universal language of which so many philosophers have dreamed.

Herr Schleyer is nearly the first who has attempted the solution of a problem which, next to the squaring of the circle and the direction of balloons and rockets, has made most victims among inventors during the last 20 years. Since 1859 thirteen different universal languages have been invented, and yet not one of them has ever been adopted. All have suffered in common, and the Russians persist in talking Russian, the Chinese stick to Chinese without heeding M. Mas R. M. Parat or even looking at the system of Guiblitz, of Vizo, who wrote with musical notes; of Ochando, of Holmar, of Caumont, of Lambert, of Lotellier, of St. Omer, or of Bachmaler. Terribly turned into ridicule have been these unfortunate inventors, and yet no one can imagine how much of real science has been amassed before they commenced their task. Take, for instance, Lotellier; he first learned every tongue spoken in Europe, then all Sanscrit, and finally, at the age of 60, consecrated eight years to the study of Chinese, after which he published four quarto volumes, of which no one copy was ever sold.

But the "Volapuk," the fourteenth on the list of universal languages, does not seem destined to the fate of its predecessors. To all the others there was one fatal objection; they could only be used after their generalization.

So soon as everybody knew the particular universal language, conversation would be easy, not before, and therefore people decided it's still until every one should speak it, it being quite useless to learn what cannot be learned immediately, and serves nothing to the individual who does not know it, because nobody else learns it. Herr Schleyer fears nothing like that. Scarcely had he published his system before it was taken up on the continent, and notably in Paris, where at the Etoile des Hautes Eaux Commerciales a chair of "Volapuk" has been founded, of which the titlist M. Auguste Kerckhoff, has issued a pamphlet explaining the new language and the rapid progress made by it in the course of four years, during which M. Schleyer has delivered 162 diplomas of capacity to profit it, and has authorized the establishment of fifty-two societies founded for its propagation in Germany, Austria, Alsace, Holland, Sweden, England, the United States and Syria.

Besides this, a congress of 300 members has been recently held at Friederichshafen, on Lake Constance, where a successor was appointed to M. Schleyer in the eventuality of his demise, and measures were adopted for the formation of an academy of letters to be charged with the regulation of any future difficulties in the language. The grammar and dictionary of Volapuk-German have already reached their fourth edition; dictionaries for the French, English, Italian, and Hungarian are on the eve of publication. The Dutch are already so provided, and abridgments of its grammar are to be obtained not only in every European language, but also in Chinese and in Nama, the Hottentot dialect. Two reviews also exist in Volapuk, where the chief

ouevres of every language translated into the new language are served up for the entertainment of Volapukians, or Volapukists—there is a little doubt which of the two terms is the more correct—an, finally, we are assured by M. Kerckhoff's that he corresponds in "Volapuk" with twelve individuals of different nationalities.

What "Volapuk" is precisely I regret my inability to explain, not knowing one word of it, but, if we are to believe its adepts, one of its greatest advantages is its remarkable simplicity, and the facility with which it can be acquired, as its rules are clear and invariable, without any of those irregularities that drive to despair the student of foreign tongues. All derived words are formed, or fixed principles from roots, wherefore the roots being known, and the principles of derivation being known, anybody can form all the derivatives of those roots, whence it results that anybody in possession of 500 or 600 roots is in possession of the entire vocabulary. A person of ordinary intelligence and a good memory can learn to read "Volapuk" fluently after a few weeks' study, and after two or three months of application can talk it as elegantly as its inventor.

Only those who have traveled much can appreciate the inestimable service of a general medium of communication between individuals of different races, for do not suppose that the professor proposes that the invention can be substituted for all national languages. No such chimerical idea ever entered his brain; its rule is indicated, it is confined within the scope of him who trades with every point on the globe, within the hotel, where people come from every clime, and replace those barbarous jargons, the Sabir of the Mediterranean coast, the lingue franca of the Levant, the pidgeon of China and India, which now so imperfectly make up for the foreigner's ignorance of the local dialect. But how far will this still limited movement spread? Will there ever be enough Volapukian to impose the study of Volapuk as a necessity?

If it should procure no other advantages than to permit a correspondence with Massrs. Schleyer and Kerckhoff, it will be merely a division, but if one finds the certainty that a two months' study of it will help a man anywhere to converse with strangers, there is no doubt that every merchant, sailor, and traveler will take it up eagerly. But everything depends upon this feeling of certainty. Perhaps an international congress of scientists may, after examination, give an official sanction to the invention and introduce it into commercial schools, which would be a great point gained. I say perhaps, for scientists are opposed to innovations, and to sanction anything so practical would be a terrible blow to routine; and so I see, on the one side, M. Schleyer and M. Kerckhoff with this "Volapuk," and on the other, the indifference of the mass of humanity to everything not directly affecting their personal interest.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stamford, Ky. - November 26, 1885

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

## GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

SAHARANPUR, Oct. 12, '85  
AMERICAN MISSION PREMISES

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

At the last moment George's courage failed her and instead of giving her away she hoisted it into her "dandy" and brought him off in triumph. We leave him with Bro. Ewing, here, "to be called for" - as the fiction aforesaid hath it. What creatures we are, to be sure! Our second parrot "suicided" as the first, a week or two ago. The silly creature gnawed her little twine string that guarded her life, while curtailing her liberty, flew off and was, doubtless, devoured by those buccaneers of plain and mountain, the omnivorous crows. Well! "liberty or death" sounds grandiloquent and poor "Polly" died for the assertion of that glorious principle. Whether staying with kind, indulgent owners, enduring the "ills she knew," was better or worse than "lying to others that she knew not of," I leave to Haunted and the rest to decide. I only know that George, whose inmost soul is harrowed by the loss of her dumb favorites, was in a pitiable frame of mind for a while after Polly took "French leave." Parrots, like "Rapunzel, are ungrateful!"

We came down a day sooner than we at first intended in order to reach Lucknow and the Dassarah meeting in time to have a clear day of rest before they begin.

Our heavy baggage we store here, subject to order when we know where our next halt will be. The dear LORD has his programme, but hasn't told it to us yet. We only know Him, and are only too glad to let him do the planning, without the least wish to pry or know his mind, till the time comes.

A plunge from the cool hill top to the still scorching plain, was yesterday's journey. 8,000 feet make a tremendous difference. This morning I was delighted to take off thick underwear and don the thin next things I could master in my wardrobe, previously pouring indefinite gurgles of water over my thirsty cuticle and feeling a certain duck-like longing to "paddle" ad libitum in the cooling element. At Landour one has mild hydrophobia all the time. However, we all bask in this invigorating climate, with its intense oriental surroundings. Palm trees, planted by my dear old Bro. Campbell - who made this Saharanpur Station the little paradise it is - wave in front of our windows, and the little seedlings of various kinds his loving hand placed in the kindly soil, have developed into the stately forests growths of 1885 - fifty years since he put them in to grow, having passed over their healthful heads.

We came down Landour hill as we went up - in "dandies," and borne on the backs of men. This "canoe" of the mountains is an indispensable adjunct of the household. At Rijpore - at the foot of the hill - we took "dak garies," which, being interpreted, mean traveling carriages. Two sufficed our party, though they are generally allotted to only two passengers each. I have not before described them, I believe. They are peculiar to India, and the same we rods "up the country" in, in the year '55. Only then, each carriage was drawn by 6 coolies instead of as yesterday - two fiery, half-broken steeds, of diminutive size but colossus tempers.

By inserting a middle cushion, spanning the square well, occupied by the feet when in a sitting posture, the machine becomes a fairly comfortable bed. Indeed they are most frequently used for night journeys, and one sleeps as well or better in them than in "sleeping cars" on a railroad. We came 50 miles from Rijpore - in 8½ hours. Going, we made it in 7. The horses are "sui generis." Undersized, untamed, "un" everything else that is desirable, except speed; when the chronic contest with the patient native groom is ended, and they make up their stubborn minds to go. They are off like a pair of rocket. Wilfulness seems transformed into willingness in a trice, and the lumbering vehicle behind, with passengers and indefinite luggage a "trifl light as air."

This is what happens at nearly every stage or "Chowkee" - which is only five miles on an average. The two, loose jointed, Roman-nosed, eye-eyed, low-withered, ewe-necked wretches are led out by doubtful attendants, expecting a bite, kick or other token of temper, at any time the animals "take a notion" to vary the exercises. A preliminary struggle at the carriage pole - the brutes seeming determined to face the carriage instead of having it in the rear. In the war of contending human and equine wills, the animals occasionally get within kicking or biting distance of each other and with a squeal of rage execute a little private "milk" between themselves, preparatory to the graver struggle with the tyrant man.

At last, after a most spirited combat with "all hands," they are "hitched in." Then comes the real "tug of war." The astonished and innocent passenger finds them, at the first plunge, looking in at the carriage door, the brutes evidently hoping by this "dank movement" to snap the pole, not being able to apprehend man's ingenuity in carriage construction, adapting the vehicles to the known eccentricities of the animals attached to them.

The fiery pair stand on their hind feet pawing the air. They then kick in concert and separately. Again man's wit

balks them, the carriage being impregnable to such attacks.

The groom twists ears, right and left until you would think they would be torn out by the roots. Then they beat a while with sticks and whips. Then pausing to invent some fresh torture, the horses, without a moment's warning, dash off at a mad gallop, the coachman shouts triumphantly and "the red field is won." Such is Indian horse management. Barey has never visited these parts, and if he did would make few converts. Their children will not insult their memories by pretending to improve upon the wisdom of "the ancients."

The world over this sort of thing is going on in one shape and another, though men suspect it not. "Thou art the man" - thou the woman, perhaps, dear reader. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster. - Three hundred Dwt. 18 K. plain Rings and 12 new patterns in Diamond Rings, suitable for engagements, wedding and birthday presents. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky.

GRAND OPENING DEC. 7th of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, French Marble and Gold Clocks, Dresden China Bric-a-brac, Bisque Figures, Oil Paintings and a full stock of Holiday goods. Positively the largest stock in Central Ky. I want to see all my friends on Dec. 7, 8 and 9. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky.

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

The meeting at Walnut Flat closed Thursday night.

Mr. J. C. Hill has sold 30 acres of land to R. F. Campbell at \$30 per acre.

A nice candy party at Mr. J. G. Martin's Monday night was largely attended and very much enjoyed by the young folks.

Mr. J. Otenheimer, of Crab Orchard, was here yesterday. Mrs. James Beddoe has malarial fever. Boone Martin, of Anderson county, is here this week. Miss Eila Collier of Hazel Patch, is the guest of Miss Lillie Martin.

Emma Bastin, daughter of Alex. Bastin, Esq., and a fellow by the name of DeLaney, from Outer county, Nebraska, eloped to Jellico, Tenn., last week and were married. They returned a few days ago and have since gone to Nebraska.

A subscription has recently been raised for the purpose of building a turnpike here, beginning near Mr. J. E. Lynn's on the Halls Gap pike, running in a south-east direction and terminating at Cox's Gap, some two or three miles south-west of Crab Orchard. Such a road has long been needed here and if built it will be an honor to this section of the county.

Dr. J. L. Brown, the young physician mentioned in our last report, came over from Mt. Sterling Monday and proceeded once to look over the country and get acquainted with the people. He seemed well pleased with the situation and went back to make arrangements for removing to this place, where he intends to open an office and solicit practice and make his future home.

Prohibition Meeting.

At a meeting of the advocates of Prohibition the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved. That we meet again the first Monday in December, (County Court day) at the Court-house in Stanford, at one o'clock P. M., and that each one present constitute a committee to work up as full a meeting as possible.

2d. That M. G. Nevius, Joseph Ballou, Dr. Root, J. S. Murphy, J. D. Bastin, H. Young, T. J. Foster, Doc Helm, Joshua Myers, J. B. Green, J. W. Weatherford, John K. Spratt, Jas. Hutchinson, Dr. Doores, L. M. Lasley, John Anderson, J. Martin, Jas. Dudderar, Sr., Lewis Dudderar, John O. Neal, Lewis Goch, Tilford Alexander, J. T. Hackley, Dr. W. W. Owsley, G. P. Bright and Joseph Mount be requested to attend to these proceedings and Dauville Advocate to copy.

P. L. SIMPSON, Chm.

DR. M. L. BOURNE, Secy.

THE GEORGIA GIRLS. - If it is really true that Grover Cleveland wants to marry he should come to Georgia and look about him before making a selection elsewhere. The Georgia girl is finely formed, straight, true as steel, tender-hearted and takes her beauty fresh from the hand of that kindly nature that surrounds her. When she weds she honoree prince, potentate or private citizen, and whom she will wed. We simply propose to put him in the way to work out his own salvation. Honors, power and titles will avail him nothing, for the Georgia girl is not a Muggum, flirting with first one party and then another. She follows her heart and sticketh closer than a brother. War can not shake her off, pestilence disturbs her not, misfortune but tightens her grip and poverty she laughs at. The man who marries a typical Georgia girl and continues to be a man has a wife for all eternity. This is the situation. If Grover is looking for that kind of a girl let him come down and take his chances. - [Macon, Ga.] Telegraph.

RECENTLY A FIRE BROKE OUT NEAR A LARGE MERCERIE AT MOSCOW. AS IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAVE ALL THE LIONS AND ELEPHANTS, THE MANAGER OF THE ESTABLISHMENT WAS REQUESTED TO POINT OUT SUCH OF THE TREASURES AS COULD BE REMOVED WITH SAFETY. WHEN HE PASSED BY THE MONKEY CAGE A BIG ORANG-OUTANG SCREAMED OUT: "FOR GOD'S SAKE LET ME OUT. I NEVER WAS A MONKEY UNTIL I CAME HERE. I AM AN HONEST MAN; SAVE ME."

## THANKSGIVING.

Every day will I bless Thee. - Psalm 145:2.

Since daily the great God above Doth make His mercy known, And all the blessings of His love Are on our pathway strown.

Let thanks to Him each day be paid And mention of His mercy made, While songs attend His throne.

His creatures for a single day He never did forget;

Ah, who might ever hope to pay The overwhelming debt?

His mercy doth all thought exceed; How ready our every need!

Hath that rich mercy ne'er

Yet it is good to set apart One day of all the rest,

On which, with universal heart, Our thanks may be confessed;

To turn aside from daily care, To throne each holy place of prayer

While there God's name is blessed.

Yea, let the Nation bend the knee, Let all the people praise;

High let His name exalted be, Make this the day of days;

For at this season of the year Which he hath crowned with all good cheer

"The most our songs to raise.

And it is meet around the board That we should merrily make;

His gifts by which 'is stored His bounty we partake;

Those fruits that industry doth bear Are proofs of His unceasing care,

Bestowed for His name's sake.

Nor should the debt of thanks we owe Our tongues alone express,

Our dea as well as words should show How true - we profess.

Let merrily our hearts have sway, And on this glad Thanksgiving Day

Seek other hearts to bless.

— [B. M. Offord in N. Y. Observer.]

## A Good Word For Brother Barnes.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

As it is the fashion, especially of late, to "tag" at Geo. O. Barnes, I hope the INTERIOR JOURNAL will indulge me with space sufficient for a little say upon the same subject.

There is much more good in the world in a general way than most people think, but there is one vice that is as glaring in men as it is in dogs and turkeys. It is to administer the proverbial kick or bite or peck at one of their fellows who may per chance happen to get below par or what amounts to the same thing, seems to them to have struck a streak of hard luck. The faith George Barnes' friends have in him will only allow of the latter supposition, but evidently most people think the former catches him in hard earnest. I am happy in numbering myself with his friends and us, while the situation looks a little serious just now, we feel that we can still afford to read with patient indifference all these hard things which are being said about him and even be amused, though the pleasure with which some bear of his rebuff by the Episcopate powers of India seems to approach a wanton, malicious glee that a zealous christian man has seemed to fail in his work.

Do we not remember when he left the Mountains of Kentucky, how these same croakers predicted that in the towns of the Bluegrass region he would find that only the ignorance of mountain people would ever sustain such a born and bred bushwhacker in his vagaries? Is it necessary to remind us that when his message had found a hearty acceptance in Danville, Lexington, Mt. Sterling, Louisville and others of the principal towns and cities of the State, these same happy people were delighted that now he preferred to accept an invitation to New York City it was not a bit of trouble to "call the turn" on him. Inevitable starvation stoned him in the face. But when New York testifies her appreciation by not only receiving him kindly but sent him on his way to England these deeply interested folks didn't lose their interest, but their dire prediction sailed with him across the Atlantic and promptly followed him to India, when new made British friends bade him God speed from their shores. Are we to give him over to the bad, then? I said a while ago we had faith in him - which was really to say we have faith in George Barnes' God, which don't let us feel afraid for his future. Neither will we be surprised when his ministry in India grows to the proportions of a grand success and the Church of England has learned that he is a good man and is proud of him and glad to claim him as one of his own. Then after all, when these ill-conditioned growlers get to heaven, they will be surprised (but we won't) that this same man they tried to behead with their strictures here on earth, was far enough above the spirit which actuates them to pray the good Lord that they might meet him there.

J. C. B.

DANVILLE, Ky., Nov. 24, 1885.

THE HUNGRY TRAMP AT PETERSBURG, VA.

He picked up from the sidewalk what he imagined to be a cocoanut. As he was about to put it in his mouth, the supposed c. o. began cursing so vigorously that the frightened tramp threw it to the ground and fled for dear life. It turned out that was all that is left of Billy Mahone. - [Louisville Times.]

REV. W. W. DOWNE, of Boston, who

has recently figured to his disadvantage in a noted divorce suit between two members

of his congregation, has been dismissed

from his pastorate and his church locked

against him.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, RETIRED FROM PRACTICE, HAVING

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BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, ASTHMA AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES, ALSO A POSITIVE AND RADICAL CURE

FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY AND ALL NERVOUS COMPLAINTS.

After having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail at 10c per stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

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